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THE NOTE OF HAND;

OR,

TRIP to NEWMARKET.

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THE NOTE OF HAND; OR, TRIP to NEWMARKET.

AS IT IS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL in DRURY-LANE.

Nosse omnia haec salus est adolescentulis.

Richard Cumberland TER.

LONDON:
Printed for T. BECKET, the Corner of the Adelphi, in the Strand.
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PRICE ONE SHILLING.

THE
NOTE OF HAND:
OR,
TRIP TO NEWMARKET.

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EPILOGUE.

OH *ſuch a ſight! I've been upon the courſe,*
And he may talk his nonſenſe tell he's hoarſe:
What matters an old Canterbury *ſtory?*
Upon my ſoul Newmarket's *in its glory.*
Such galloping, ſuch gambling and ſuch betting,
Such capering, ſuch cutting and curvetting!
Oh, ſuch a world of bothering and of noiſe,
So many Cambridge hacks and College boys:
Then there is ſuch a riot and a rattle
With liſts of terrible, terrible high-bred cattle;
Liſt of the ſporting Ladies, Sir?—O *Lord,*
This fooliſh poet's no where, *take my word.*
He's jaded at two heats, *as I'm alive,*
'Tis well it's out of rule to ſtart for five.
What ſignifies his farce! 'tis all a jeſt;
Upon my ſoul Firetail's *a lovely beaſt*——
So ſleak, ſo trim, ſo ſlender and ſo thin,
They lead him out and then they lead him in.

Oh, if that Roman fellow now was there,
(What was his name?) that made his horſe Lord May'r;
He might have choice and plenty, a whole ſtud
Of Senators and Conſuls, thorough blood.
What neighing after one another's ſpouſes,
What ſnorting and what kicking in both houſes!
Shake but the ſieve, as ſure as I am born,
There's none amongſt 'em, but wou'd come to corn.

Why

EPILOGUE.

Why such a hair-brain'd spark might think it wit
To turn his stable loose into the pit:
Long-tail and bob-tail, blacks and sprightly bays,
And filthy duns and old flea-bitten greys,
Young high-bred fillies, and fine dappled mares,
And braying critics with long pricking ears:
Stand by your poet, Sirs; and keep your places,
You'll get no harm at his Newmarket Races.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

REVELL,	Mr. PALMER,
RIVERS,	Mr. CAUTHERLY.
Elder RIVERS, { Uncle to Rivers, conceal'd under the name of Sunderland. }	Mr. JEFFERSON.
O'CONNOR MAC CORMUCK,	Mr. MOODY,
SAPLING,	Mr. DODD,
DIPP, a Tallow-Chandler,	Mr. WRIGHT.
PUTTY, a Glazier,	Mr. WRIGHTEN.
SPAVIN, a Horſe-Dealer,	Mr. COURTNEY.
TOM EPPING,	Mr. JACOBS.
ISSACHAR,	Mr. JONES.
SECRETARY to Revell,	Mr. J. BANNISTER.
FRANCIS,	Mr. W. PALMER.

Grooms, Jockies, Lacqueys, Waiters, and others.

Mrs. CHEVELEY,	Mrs. GREVILLE.

SCENE, NEWMARKET.

TIME, that of the REPRESENTATION.

Dramatis Personæ.

REVEL,	Mr. Palmer,
RIVERS,	Mr. Castalary,
Elder RIVERS,	Mr. Jefferson.
O'CONNOR MAC CORMUCK,	Mr. Moody,
SAPLING,	Mr. Dorr,
DRYP, a Tallow-Chandler,	Mr. Vincent,
PUTTY, a Glazier,	Mr. Wrighten,
SPAVIN, a Jockey,	Mr. Cormick,
TOM,	Mr. Jones,
ISAAC,	Mr. Jones,
SECRETARY, a Bravo,	Mr. J. Rans[illegible]er.
FRANCIS,	Mr. W. Palmer,
Citizens, Ladies, Waiters, and others.	
Mrs. CHEVELEY,	Mrs. Crawford.

SCENE, NEW-MARKET.

TIME, the Restoration.

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THE NOTE OF HAND; OR, TRIP to NEWMARKET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Gaming-House. Rivers *is discover'd asleep on a couch; dice boxes on the table, with candles nearly burnt out; the floor spread with cards, and his hat and sword lying upon it: the room in great disorder.* Sunderland *enters; and, after contemplating him sometime, speaks..*

SUNDERLAND.

So, so! broad noon and your night just begun — what drudgery it is to be a gamester! a watchman's dog enjoys more quiet. Yes, you may turn and toss, young Sir, there's no composure in that sleep of your's: Oh! that your brother bubbles, some of the noble jockies, wou'd look in, and profit by the scene! will no earthquake swallow down Newmarket? Well, I shall not molest you, sleep while you can, and either wake to a repentance of your follies, or never wake again.

(Rivers starts out of his sleep.

RIVERS.

Who's there? What's that? Where am I? Sunderland! I've dropt asleep; why, what's o'clock? Oh, now I recollect it all. Fool, fool, what have I done?

SUNDERLAND.

So, Mr. Rivers, you've not been in bed.

RIVERS.

No, Sir, you find me as you left me.

SUNDERLAND.

That's four hours ago; I left you before eight, and 'tis now turn'd of twelve.

RIVERS.

Indeed! You're a ſucceſsful player, Mr. Sunderland.

SUNDERLAND.

As it happens;—I believe I won a trifle of you laſt night.

RIVERS.

A trifle!

SUNDERLAND.

What are a few hundreds, or call 'em thouſands? what are they? a feather to your fortune.

RIVERS.

Be not deceiv'd; the ſum I ſtand indebted to you breaks up my whole eſtate; I ſhou'd not mention difficulties juſtly affecting myſelf, but as my lands lie principally in Ireland, 'twill aſk ſome patience on your part.

SUNDERLAND.

Take your time, Mr. Rivers; my occaſions do not preſs; take your own time; or if you like it better take your revenge. *(pointing to the table.*

RIVERS.

No, may this hand of mine, that ſhakes that curſed

curſed box, drop from my wriſt before it ſets a ſingle guinea on a caſt again.

SUNDERLAND.

Can you be ſerious? what was fortune doing, when ſhe gave me ſuch ſucceſs? I'm ſorry it diſturbs you—break up your eſtate! it muſt not be.

RIVERS.

You muſt excuſe me, Sir; if you are paid, I truſt you'll leave the mode of it to me.

SUNDERLAND.

If I miſtake not, Mr. Rivers, you've an uncle daily expected from India.

RIVERS.

Well, Sir.

SUNDERLAND.

I hear too he has made a conſiderable fortune: ſpare your eſtate and give me a *poſt-obit* upon him.

RIVERS.

Not for the world;—you totally miſtake me.

SUNDERLAND.

Nay, if you regard ſuch ſcruples, give me leave to ſay you play but half the game: with the profeſſors of the art the lives of uncles, fathers, dowagers and aunts, are handed over with as much indifference as the cattle in their ſtables. Either forſwear your ſcruples or the dice. What! no doubt you are your uncle's heir.

RIVERS.

Certainly not. How can I, who have loſt my fortune by my folly, expect that he will give me his, who gain'd it by his induſtry!

SUNDERLAND.

His principle I ſee is ſound. (*aſide.*) Well, I

ſhall urge this point no further—there is yet another hope, another reprieve for your eſtate.

RIVERS.

What is that?

SUNDERLAND.

A wife, a fond generous woman, with a ſeaſonable recruit of caſh: ſuch may be found.

RIVERS.

Sir——

SUNDERLAND.

Nay, let me tell you, ſuch a one is found—peruſe that note. *(giving him a note.*

RIVERS.

Mrs. Cheveley! is it poſſible? ſhe at Newmarket!

SUNDERLAND.

She: and what think you but an uncontroulable attachment brought her hither, to be the talk and may-game of the place?

RIVERS.

Who dares to talk about her?

SUNDERLAND.

I do;—every man who has a tongue;—all the grooms and lacqueys in Newmarket:—why the ſun is not more clear than that ſhe dotes upon you to diſtraction—by my ſoul, ſhe's dying for you.

RIVERS.

I cannot be a raſcal;—I am not fit for the ſociety of virtue;—beſides ſhe has now ſuch advantages in point of fortune——

SUNDERLAND.

That there's poſitively no reſiſting the temptation.

RIVERS.

Pardon me; the world ſhall never ſay I married upon mercenary views.

What

SUNDERLAND.

What better excuſe can the world give for your marrying at all? but we are interrupted—That note, I ſuppoſe, contains a ſummons: we ſhall meet again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

REVELL *enters, attended by Grooms, Jockies, and others equipt for the courſe.* RIVERS *retires to the back ſcene, and ſits down; the Waiters ſet the room in order.*

REVELL.

Tom Epping, Tom!

EPPING.

Your honour.

REVELL.

When do you lead out?

EPPING.

In half an hour.

REVELL.

Harkee, have you the match-liſt? let me ſee—Burford, York, Newmarket;—March, April, October—'tis a reſpectable catalogue:—one, two, three—Oh! they are number'd I ſee, in all thirty-ſeven ſingle matches, ſweepſtakes and plates excepted.

EPPING.

I believe, your honour, that's about the tot of 'em.

REVELL.

What have we got for to-day? Waiter, make ſome coffee.—Ah, Rivers, are you there?—What matches ſtand for this morning, I ſay?

EPPING.

EPPING.

Why there is firſt Lord Catchweight's Petit Maitre againſt your honour's Joan of Arc, Rowley's mile, five hundred of a ſide.

REVELL.

A hollow thing, he'll pay half forfeit—Where are you going, Frank? *(to Rivers)* What ails you?

RIVERS.

Nothing: let me paſs.

REVELL.

Is the man hypochondriac? Has repentance attack'd you in the ſimilitude of a rich young widow?

RIVERS.

Pooh! *(Exit.*

REVELL.

Ridiculous! Well, Tom, go on; there's another match I think.

EPPING.

Yes, Sir; your gelding Surveyor againſt Sir Harry Handicap's Belzebub.

REVELL.

True, Surveyor; he's a craving horſe; he'll run it through; you muſt go off at ſcore with Surveyor.

EPPING.

Hang him; my life upon't, he'll prove a rogue: Belzebub is the favourite with all the quality in this place.

REVELL.

Well, well! but why ſhould Surveyor prove a rogue?

EPPING.

EPPING.

Becauſe, an pleaſe your honour, there's bad blood in his pedigree: is not he full brother to Matthew Mite, out of Nabob's Dam Scullion? and did your honour ever know a colt of Scullion's, but what train'd for all the world like a hackney?

SECRETARY.

Will your honour be pleaſed to give attention to this diſpatch? the meſſenger is waiting, and 'tis a matter of the laſt conſequence to the peace and intereſt of Great Britain.

REVELL.

Time enough; I'll think of the intereſt of Great Britain preſently——Harkee, has Jack Sweatem come down yet to ſeven ſtone?

EPPING.

Pleaſe your honour, he was within three pounds ſix ounces this very morning: the lad is here; come hither, Jack; he is in as promiſing a conſumption as heart can wiſh.

REVELL.

Very well: how many waiſtcoats have you on, Sirrah?

JOCKEY.

Eight, an pleaſe your honour.

REVELL.

Go your ways, you may ride Lady Betty on Friday, ſhe's match'd from the ditch-in againſt Colonel Mac Swiney's Fortune-Hunter, is ſhe not?

EPPING.

She is; no croſſing—that ſhould be barred in all heats with theſe young cattle.

SEC.

SECRETARY.

I pray you, Sir, take ſome conſideration of this buſineſs, the council meets on Friday, your opinion is expected; conſider the reſponſibility of your office.

REVELL.

Conſider the reſponſibility of my bètts, Mr. Pemberton—Iſſachar, which way look your bargains in the Alley; is war or peace your game?

ISSACHAR.

War, war; loſs of credit; fall of ſtocks; heavy, heavy is the word with me: debt upon debt; tax upon tax; long arrears and ſhort payments; other people's loſs is my gain—ſo lies my account.

SECRETARY.

Good Sir, be more ſerious; the meſſenger muſt be diſpatch'd; in my apprehenſion, this before you is the niceſt queſtion for political diſcuſſion I have met ſince I knew buſineſs.

REVELL.

Well, well! ſcratch out the copy of a letter; ſtate the matter doubtfully; give no opinion; leave a blank for my name, and I'll ſign the letter; trifles are ſoon diſpatch'd; come let's to buſineſs. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

An Inn Room, SAPLING *and* FRANCIS *the Waiter.*

SAPLING.

Well, Francis! well, Boy!—ſo you ſhouldn't ha' known me again, hey?

FRAN-

FRANCIS.

Not I, upon my ſoul, Maſter Sapling; I ſhou'd never have taken ſuch a brave ſpark as you are for our Exciſeman's ſon, and a Hackney Writer's clerk.

SAPLING.

Hackney Writer, poh! I only amuſe myſelf now and then, as other young gentlemen do, with copying a ſkin of parchment, nothing more: but what d'ye think o'me, Francis; am I the thing? do I look knowing, hey, boy?

FRANCIS.

Deep, deep!

SAPLING.

That's well; that's well—d'ye like my nab? had it of 'Squire Revell's hatter: ſmoke the ſpurs, Francis; honeſt Moore of Poland-ſtreet—ſtudied Darnley's prints for a Turf-Macaroni—was two hours tying my neckloth with the true Tyburn knot.

FRANCIS.

Ah, Maſter Sapling, you may have that done for you in a quarter of the time.

SAPLING.

Had ſome thoughts of ſitting to *Stubbs* for my picture, with a nag in the back ground, for I can't ride you muſt know, only this journey lick'd ſo deep: came down in a phaeton, boy; ay, and ſhould have brought Fanny with me; don't you know Fanny Slattern?

FRANCIS.

Not I, Sir.

SAPLING.

No! a charming girl; ſhe would have been happy to have ſeen Newmarket.

FRANCIS.

Why didn't you bring her, then?

SAPLING.

Practiſing my phaeton in Moor-fields, drove over a pawn-broker's ſtall, threw poor Fanny out and diſlocated her collar bone, the day before I came away.

FRANCIS.

Well, Sir; I muſt about my buſineſs; you'll excuſe me; the room is your's for the reſt of the meeting—[*Bar bell.*]—who calls? coming, Sir——

[*Exit.*

SAPLING.

This is life, dammee! but the courſe I've taken to come at it, may be death. Well, the preſent's all, here am I at Newmarket with an equipage at command, and a room to myſelf; better than ſitting half a dozen at a deſk in Pippin Alley: phaw! 'tis quite another thing—methinks 'tis a very ſnug, convenient apartment this of mine; quite private, and free from noiſe or interruption.

(*A violent noiſe is heard without, and the door is burſt open, and* O'CONNOR MAC CORMUCK, *enters the room.*

SCENE IV.

MAC CORMUCK.

Oh! is it there that you are? wouldn't it ha' been a deal eaſier now to have open'd the door, than put me to all this trouble of coming in without it?

SAPLING.

Mercy on me, what a fright am I in! would I were back again in Pippin Alley!

MAC

MAC CORMUCK.

I ſuppoſe you belong to this houſe, young man.

SAPLING.

What ſhall I ſay? to this room I do, Sir.

MAC CORMUCK.

Ay, ay! to this houſe, or this room, 'tis all one for that, d'ye ſee: and why then, if you belong to this room, did you keep me ſtanding in the yard, with my beaſt in my hand, and not ſhew us both into a chamber? anſwer me that.

SAPLING.

Ahem! where is my heart fallen to?—Sir, under favour I conceive, Sir, 'tis not my buſineſs to provide for either you or your beaſt,

MAC CORMUCK.

What is your buſineſs then, may I aſk?

SAPLING.

I follow no buſineſs, Sir; I'm a gentleman—I begin to be tired of the title. *(aſide.*

MAC CORMUCK.

A gentleman! I ſhould as ſoon take your mother for one; but it may be ſo; you may be a gentleman, and that may be the habit of a gentleman, and that buſh at your back may be all of your own growth; but you'll excuſe me, Sir;—Paddy, bring in my luggage.

(Servant enters with portmanteau.

SAPLING.

Hey-day! I muſt ſpeak now or never—Sir, pray, Sir, underſtand me right; this is extraordinary behaviour—what is it you are doing?

MAC CORMUCK.

Nothing in this life, my dear, but beſtowing upon you the ſociety of my portmanteau; ſecuring my effects: where can they be ſo ſafe as in a gentleman's company?

SAPLING.

If your back was turned, perhaps, I cou'd diſpoſe of them. *(aſide.)* Pray, allow me to aſk whom I am obliged to for this viſit?

MAC CORMUCK.

Is it my name you wou'd know?

SAPLING.

If it is your pleaſure to tell it.

MAC CORMUCK.

With all the readineſs in life; you ſhall know, Sir, my name is one Mr. O'Connor Mac Cormuck, of Shallinoghrag, in the county of Antrim; that is my name, Sir, and has been ſo, for aught that I can tell, ever ſince the confuſion of tongues at the Tower of Babel.

SAPLING.

'Twas enough to breed a confuſion there, or any where elſe.—Well, Mr.— (I ſhall never learn his name) you're moving forwards, I ſuppoſe;— you're on the road;—your portmanteau ſhall be welcome to a place in my room while you ſtay. You're for a mutton chop I reckon, and away.

MAC CORMUCK.

There's your miſtake, my dear; your heads in this place, I perceive, are all upon the gallop; but I'm ſtaying here a piece.

SAPLING.

The devil you are!

MAC

MAC CORMUCK.

I've a ſmall little bit of a leaſe, d'ye obſerve me, under one Mr. Rivers, of Caſtle-Rivers, who I'm told is in this place gambling up and down, ſo I wou'd fain have him fill it up, d'ye ſee; and in the meantime I'd let him into the ſecret a little how his affairs ſtand, or I ſhou'd rather ſay tumble down, in the county of Antrim.—Oh, there's been precious doings with the Hearts of Steel; blood and 'oons, man alive, 'twou'd make all your bowels quake in your body only to hear of it.

SAPLING.

Pray, Sir, don't put yourſelf to the trouble of telling it then.

MAC CORMUCK.

No, No: I'll ſave it to divert you with as we lie aſleep in the ſame chamber at night.

SAPLING.

In the ſame chamber.

MAC CORMUCK.

Ay; did you think I was to ſleep in the ſtable with my beaſt.

SAPLING.

No, but I hope you'll find ſome other room more convenient than this.

MAC CORMUCK.

Faith, Sir, contentment's all; I mean to look no further.

SAPLING.

I find you miſunderſtand me, Sir;—you muſt excuſe me;—I am hear by myſelf; I wiſh to be private.

MAC

MAC CORMUCK.

And that is the reaſon you come to a public place.

SAPLING.

But the chamber is mine;—I've hir'd it for a week.

MAC CORMUCK.

Then you may very well ſpare it for a day.

SAPLING.

I give a guinea a night for the bed.

MAC CORMUCK.

Keep it to yourſelf; I can ſit up for half the money.

Enter FRANCIS.

FRANCIS.

Gentlemen, the ordinary is ſerved; the gueſts are ſitting down, and if you don't make haſte you'll be cut out of commons.

MAC CORMUCK.

Then upon my ſoul, all ceremony caſes with me;—by your leave, Sir. *(to Sapling.*

SAPLING.

O Francis, I'm undone! this blundering Iriſhman, has run me down as a Weſt-country barge wou'd a wherry. It's impoſſible to go to dinner ſuch a figure.

FRANCIS.

Ah, Maſter Sapling, there's no being a gentleman for nothing. Come along. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE V.

Changes to Mrs. CHEVELEY's *Apartment.*

Mrs. CHEVELEY *and* SUNDERLAND.

SUNDERLAND.

I took him in the very criſis of his fate; fluſh'd with his morning's ſport, and warm with company and wine: fortune conſpir'd with the opportunity; our play ran deep; he with the impatience of a loſing gameſter preſs'd his evil luck, and when the morning aroſe, it found him wearied out with watching and ſtript of half his fortune.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Poor Rivers!

SUNDERLAND.

It was a brain-blow; it has wrung him to the quick:—I think I may depend upon his reformation.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

I think you may;—he has none of the vices of his trade about him; he is not covetous, he is not cruel; it is faſhion which corrupted Mr. Rivers; nature never meant to waſte ſo good a heart upon a gameſter.

SUNDERLAND.

I am bleſt to hear you ſay ſo, and I hope that your forgiveneſs and acceptance of a repenting prodigal will coincide with mine;—he honourably loves you; I have prob'd his feelings, under this concealment, and find both principle and affection ſound.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Has he no ſuſpicion, Mr. Rivers, of your being his Uncle?

SUN-

SUNDERLAND.

None: our long ſeparation, and the precautions I have taken obviate that:—nay, I touch'd him upon his expectations of my fortune, and ſuggeſted the expedient of a *poſt-obit* in ſatisfaction of his gaming debt.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

But he rejected it——

SUNDERLAND.

With ſcorn, and honourably ſtated it as an event he juſtly deſpaired of; in the ſame ſtile he ſpoke of his pretenſions to your favour; and 'tis there that he is wounded deepeſt.

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Mr. Rivers, Madam, deſires leave to pay his reſpects to you.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Admit him, by all means; I ſhall be happy to ſee Mr. Rivers.

SERVANT.

I cou'd have told him that before I deliver'd his meſſage. (*aſide.*) [*Exit.*

SUNDERLAND.

Madam, good morning to you.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Are you going, Sir.

SUNDERLAND.

Aſſuredly:—I wou'd not rob my nephew of an interview, on the ſucceſs of which ſo much of my own happineſs depends. Now love and pity touch your heart! Farewell. [*Exit.*

Mrs.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Touch did he ſay? they occupy it wholly.

SCENE VI.

SERVANT *announces* RIVERS.

SERVANT.

Mr. Rivers. [*Exit Ser.*

RIVERS.

This is an unexpected happineſs—Newmarket is the laſt place I ſhou'd look for Mrs. Cheveley in.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

True, 'tis a ſcene above my ſphere; but I have edified ſo much by the diſcourſe of grooms and jockies, that I'm charm'd with my advances in ſo faſhionable a ſcience.

RIVERS.

Come, you deſpiſe the ſcience and every one who ſtudies it.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

You ſhall excuſe me, I can think lightly of no ſtudies which may at all advance me in the conſideration of Mr. Rivers.

RIVERS.

I feel your reproof, and I deſerve it.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

No, I reſpect your taſte; where is the nation that can exhibit ſuch a meeting? 'Tis an Engliſhman's prerogative to keep an animal whole months in training, for the operation of a few minutes;—then 'tis a ſight of ſuch complacency to ſee the ſenators and nobles of the realm, in council on the pedigree of a race horſe, or whiſpering in the ear of a ſtable-boy upon the merit of reducing himſelf to ſeven ſtone weight.

RIVERS.

Go on, you cannot execrate the buſineſs more than I do.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Indeed! what muſt the ſcience be, which its profeſſors hold in ſuch abomination? But, perhaps, your's is only the ſpleen of a moment, a lover's quarrel taken up upon the ſpur of ſome new diſappointment: you'll ſoon be reconcil'd.

RIVERS.

Never: there may be injuries too deep for reconciliation; I and my follies can keep terms no longer.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Part then; 'twill be a joyful ſeparation.

RIVERS.

Yes, Madam, but 'tis a ſorry compliment, when a man pays his addreſſes to reaſon, only becauſe he's tir'd of his connections with folly.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

A convert upon experience, is the faſteſt friend either reaſon or virtue can acquire.

RIVERS.

But the world will have its ſhare in our attentions, regulate them how we will; nay, there are other objects I have loſt, which all the charms of reaſon or of virtue never can replace.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Humph! what are they?

RIVERS.

That is a queſtion, which to you of all the world I never ought to anſwer.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

That's hard; but are they loſt? thoſe objects which you ſay you hold ſo dear, are you aſſur'd that

that they are loſt? for my part, it is principle not circumſtance which weighs with me:—I can have pity for a loſing gameſter, but I ſhudder at the man who fattens on the agonies of the unfortunate.

RIVERS.

O, Madam, I muſt leave you; I ſhall do ſome act to damn my honour, and in an unguarded moment forfeit that pity which is all that I deſerve.

[*Exit.*

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

He's gone, and that abrupt departure tells me all that I wou'd wiſh to know:—his ſilence his diſtreſs, endears him to me:—honour ties his tongue, but mine is free. Reſerve and cold ſuſpicion, I have done with you; let the more cautious part of my ſex take you to their boſoms altogether; mine was made for confidence and love. [*Exit.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT.

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Inn Room.*

MAC CORMUCK *with* SPAVIN, DIPP, *and* PUTTY, *ſitting round a card-table. They riſe.*

MAC CORMUCK.

Hear me, I ſay, once for all, hear me.

ALL.

Hear him! hear him!

MAC CORMUCK.

Ay, and if you remember him too, it may be all the better for ſome of you.

ALL.

Hear him! hear him!

MAC CORMUCK.

What is it all you're about? if it is game of me you are making, by the ſcull of my father, you couldn't have pitch'd upon a worſe perſon in the three kingdoms than O' Connor Mac Cormuck! as to your gambling and galloping phraſes, d'ye ſee, I know nothing of the matter: your Creeping Molly's, your Catch-me and Kiſs-me, and Sweeteſt-when-naked, and all the fooliſh names you put upon your cattle, I've no head for ſuch trumpery; but I've a heart, d'ye mind me, that will not bear an inſult either to myſelf or my country.

DIPP.

You miſtake, Sir, no body here means to affront you, or your country.

SPAVIN.

SPAVIN.

Let me ſee who dare; am not I your friend?

MAC CORMUCK.

Truly, Sir, I am not apt to make ſuch haſty friendſhips; however, if you are determined to be my friend, be friend enough to tell me who, and what you are?

SPAVIN.

My name is Spavin, and I deal in horſes: I am well known at Newmarket; I generally keep a good nag under me; when a man is on the winning ſide, it is convenient for collecting betts——

MAC CORMUCK.

Ay, or for running away from 'em when you loſe, Mr. Spavin—Now, gentlemen, for you.

(to the others.

DIPP.

Dipp is my name; while I had any buſineſs I was a tallow-chandler, and my neighbour Putty here, was once a glazier: trade was dead, our ſtock hung on hand, ſo the Gazette hook'd us both in, and diſpoſed of it for us without further trouble.

MAC CORMUCK.

So from ſelling candles by the pound, Maſter Dipp, you came to ſell 'em by the inch; a very valuable ſet of acquaintance.

SPAVIN.

Well, if you've a ſtomach for your revenge, I'll ſtand to my partner for another rubber.

MAC CORMUCK.

Yes, but you'll excuſe me, if I tell you there's a ſmall miſtake in your play.

SPAVIN.

SPAVIN.

How ſo, Sir, what miſtake?

MAC CORMUCK.

Why, when you are my partner in the game, d'ye ſee, you are a little apt to miſtake which ſide you are to play upon: ſo, gentlemen, I don't chuſe to have any thing more to ſay to you.

PUTTY.

Yes, but you'll chuſe to pay us our winnings, I hope.

SPAVIN.

You can't deny the gentlemen that juſtice; you ſee I've paid my money.

Enter FRANCIS.

MAC CORMUCK.

But perhaps, friend, I may not always chuſe to follow your example. Come hither, waiter, who are theſe perſons I've been playing with?

FRANCIS.

Sir, I don't know, Sir—I believe they're gentlemen of the turf; ſporting gentlemen, I believe.

MAC CORMUCK.

Sporting gentlemen, you believe---gentlemen of the turf; what ſort of gentlemen are they?

FRANCIS.

Come a little nearer, Sir—'tis not for the credit of the houſe, that ſtrangers ſhould be pillag'd at this rate. Theſe fellows are gamblers, black-legs, ſharpers—you conceive me; you need not ſay, I told you ſo.

MAC

MAC CORMUCK.

Truſt me for that. Stand further off. Your moſt obedient, gentlemen ſportſmen; now I underſtand you and your profeſſion, I have an equal honour for both: you are an ornament to your country, and I dare ſay your ſweet perſons will beautify the highways and hedges from the top of a gibbet before you're much older. Why, you abominable ragamuffins, did you think to trick a poor Iriſh gentleman out of his money by ſigns and ſignals; ſcratching your noſes and ſtroking your ears? By my ſoul, 'twill ſerve you right to cut 'em from your heads. *(draws his hanger.*

FRANCIS.

Hold, hold, Sir; what are you about?

MAC CORMUCK.

Only going to rub the marks off their faces, that they may play fairer for the future——

DIPP.

Help, help; let's come out, you ſhall pay for this, Maſter Francis.

MAC CORMUCK.

Say you ſo, Sirrah, then down with the money to enable him; down with the five pieces you won of me, raſcals, or I'll cut 'em out of your ſkins; put 'em down I ſay on the table, and troop.

SPAVIN.

This is downright robbery; the money was won fairly, and more too, if you had the honeſty to pay it.

MAC CORMUCK.

Honeſty, fellow! (*catching hold of him*) you are the worſt knave of the three; they only cheated me;

me; you was my partner and cheated me and yourſelf into the bargain.

DIPP.

Come make no more words about it; there's your paltry five guineas; now let us out.

(lays the money on the table.

MAC CORMUCK.

Count 'em, my lad, are they in full?

FRANCIS.

They are.

MAC CORMUCK.

And good ones?—now away! begone!

PUTTY.

A plague upon it, ſay I, what a fooliſh figure we cut!

DIPP.

We won it like knaves, and we refund it like fools.

SPAVIN.

Get you gone, for a couple of cowards; I never would have given it up. [*Exeunt.*

MAC CORMUCK.

Now, my lad, take up the money, you have earn'd it, keep it.

FRANCIS.

I beg your pardon, Sir, what I did was out of principle, the money is your own.

MAC CORMUCK.

That cannot be, for though they play'd foul to win it, I fairly deſerv'd to loſe it. Take it I ſay, young man, you have the money and I have the warning. So! I've diſpoſed of three rogues; wou'd

wou'd every honeſt man do as much, 'twou'd be a thinner meeting than it is.

Enter SAPLING.

SAPLING.

Ah, Francis! here am I.

FRANCIS.

Ah, Maſter Sapling—I read your fortune in your face.

SAPLING.

It's all over: I'm done for; clean as the back of my hand; bare as a pick'd pigeon: *every ſous, be-gad!*

FRANCIS.

I gueſſed as much.

MAC CORMUCK.

And the fellows who pillag'd you are call'd Dipp, Spavin and Putty.

SAPLING.

Even ſo; the tallow-chandler kindly help'd off my ready, the glazier condeſcended to put up with my phaeton, and the dealer did me the favour to relieve me of my horſes.

FRANCIS.

And who is to relieve you of your bill, Maſter Sapling? the houſe muſt be paid.

MAC CORMUCK.

Right; there's a guinea a night for your bed.

SAPLING.

Oh, Sir, I can readily ſpare it all to you. As for my bill my wardrobe muſt pay that. I wiſh it would fit you, Sir, a worſe will ſerve my turn.

But how did you know the names of theſe fellows? you are a ſtranger here as well as myſelf.

MAC CORMUCK.

Yes, but they made no ſtranger of me: why I took your ſeat.

SAPLING.

And ſucceeded to my luck, I ſuppoſe.

MAC CORMUCK.

But I did not bear it quite ſo patiently.

FRANCIS.

I wiſh you had been here. This gentleman has the prettieſt method of perſwaſion you ever ſaw; he got his money back in a trice.

SAPLING.

Got it back! for the love of pity tell me how.

MAC CORMUCK.

Nothing ſo eaſy—but you'll obſerve my directions?

SAPLING.

Punctually.

MAC CORMUCK.

And you'll ſtrictly copy my receipt?

SAPLING.

To a tittle; leave me alone for copying; I'm pretty well uſed to that in Pippin Alley.

MAC CORMUCK.

This is my noſtrum; 'tis a ſovereign medicine—furniſh yourſelf with the fellow weapon of this: draw it reſolutely and apply it manfully; you will find it work powerfully on the conſtitution of a raſcal.

SAPLING.

SAPLING.

I thank you, Sir,—but it won't ſerve my turn: the remedy may be a good one in your hands, but in mine it would prove worſe than the diſeaſe.

MAC CORMUCK.

Well, my good Boy, ſneak back into the kitchen, get a ſlice from off the ſpit, pluck off this puppily habit and take a place in the baſket for Pippin's Alley—I'm going to look for Mr. Rivers, d'ye ſee; and when I come back, I'll go after the turf-gentlemen and recover your money—and if ever I find you in this place putting on the airs of a gentleman again, I'll not leave an ear upon your head to ſtick a pen behind.

SAPLING.

Well, Sir, I was born in Pippin Alley, I was bred in Pippin Alley, and to Pippin Alley muſt return. There is more fatigue than I dream'd of in the character of a gentleman. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Mrs. CHEVELEY's *Apartment.*

Enter Mrs. CHEVELEY *and* SUNDERLAND.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

I am aſhamed to read it to you—take it however; in your tranſactions you may paſs it to him as a money bill; I've drawn it in that form: 'tis a romantic fancy, but I am too apt to deal in ſuch: I truſt, however, I ſhall not repent any thing I do for Mr. Rivers.

SUN-

SUNDERLAND.

I truſt you never will—*(reads the note)* "At "ſight hereof, I promiſe to ſurrender on demand, "the heart, hand, and fortune of Maria Cheve- "ley." Moſt generous of women! never bluſh for having ſaved an honeſt, though imprudent, man: this gay and innocent device, this new and unexpected ſurpriſe, will enhance the bleſſing and double his delight.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Haſte then, dear Sir, and execute this giddy plot, before it is too late.

SUNDERLAND.

Fear nothing: he'll not depart, till he ſees me.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III. *The Club Room.*

REVELL *and* RIVERS.

REVELL.

What, run to Ireland; retreat acroſs the Danube, and leave the field of battle to the foe? inglorious! of a certain, Frank, there's been ſome ugly croſs of the jade in your pedigree, or you would not thus take reſt and break the courſe.

RIVERS.

I have given you my reaſon.

REVELL.

There's no reaſon in the caſe; a gameſter's actions never ſtoop to reaſon; do as I do, ſet it at defiance, or if you muſt uſe reaſon, uſe it as a courier, ſend it before you to announce your motions, never let it follow like a lagging foot-boy at your back: you ſhould have reaſon'd e'er you

you ſhook the dice; I own you was a ſilly fellow to commence a gameſter, but you are now as fit a perſon to continue one as any of the trade.

RIVERS.

Explain yourſelf.

REVELL.

When a man has out-liv'd his credit, he may reſort to gaming, juſt as he may to methodiſm, when he has out-liv'd his principle; but he who carries a ſound eſtate to the hazard-table is as much out of his way, as he who carries a ſound head into the tabernacle.

RIVERS.

There you ſpeak ſenſe—O Revell, why will you abuſe ſuch parts?

REVELL.

I tell thee, Frank, thou art a fellow whom I love, I know not why, but there's a grace, a facility in thy nature which mightily becomes thee; be content; I'll do thee a ſervice, I would not render any other man living.

RIVERS.

As how, dear Revel?

REVELL.

Sooner than thou ſhalt ſink, I'll take the bladders upon which I ſwim and fit them to thy arms.

RIVERS.

This ſeems friendly, but be more explicit.

REVELL.

I'll lend thee Iſſachar; I'll promote thee to my Jew, the ableſt financier in Chriſtendom.

RIVERS.

RIVERS.

Ridiculous! aad ſo let a mortgage canker out my whole eſtate; I'll ſell it rather.

REVELL.

Mortgage your eſtate, mortgage the realm of Poland, mortgage the air you breathe, Iſſachar will raiſe money as a witch does wind: keep your eſtate and grant away your life, that's an incumbrance you can ſoon pay off.

RIVERS.

Well, Revell, fare you well, you have a genius to retrieve your fortune, I muſt purſue a plainer track; but have a care that your example does not ruin your country before your underſtanding can come to its aſſiſtance.

REVELL.

Nay, Frank, now you grow as dull as a ſentimental comedy; adieu! here lies my road; within there! (*The door of the inner room is open'd, and diſcovers a large party at the gaming table.*) Will you enter? No! nor give one parting look, one kind adieu? inexorable! hark, can you withſtand that animating rattle?

There ſit the maſter-ſpirits of the age,
Fit to diſturb the peace of all the world,
And rule it when 'tis wildeſt—have among you.
[*Enters.*

RIVERS.

There's a ſuperior now; that's taſte and ſpirit, a bold free ſtile of acting Oh! I could moralize, but 'tis too late.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter SUNDERLAND *without being obſerv'd by* RIVERS.

SUNDERLAND.

Ay, there he is, buried in thought;—when men of ſenſe reflect upon their errors, 'tis to quit them; fools invent excuſes for their follies and perſiſt in 'em. 'Tis a romantic commiſſion I am charged with, but Mrs. Cheveley does every thing after a manner of her own.

RIVERS.

So, Mr. Sunderland, I have expected you ſome time.

SUNDERLAND.

I ſee your chaiſe is waiting; are you reſolute to leave us?

RIVERS.

I only ſtay to give you theſe ſecurities: I have left orders for the peremptory ſale of my ſtud; my agent will pay the money into your hands, for which you'll credit me upon the back of theſe bonds; at my return from Ireland I ſhall put matters in a train for ſinking the remainder. When you return to Mrs. Cheveley, bear her my tendereſt wiſhes; ſay that I carry hence a heart, not more convicted of its own folly, than penetrated with her virtues: If 'twere in my power, I'd wiſh ſhe ſhou'd forget me.

SUNDERLAND.

I ſhall obey you; but before we part, allow me to accommodate you with a trifling ſum for your occaſions on the road;—I know I've ſtript you of your ready caſh. (*takes out his pocket-book.*

RIVERS.

RIVERS.

'Tis very true, Sir, I had overlook'd that circumſtance, and I accept your favour.

SUNDERLAND.

There, Sir, (*preſenting a bill incloſ'd in a paper.*) perhaps you will not like it the worſe for having been in the poſſeſſion of Mrs. Cheveley.

RIVERS.

The meaneſt things may be ennobled by Mrs. Cheveley :—ſhall I give you my acknowledgment?

SUNDERLAND.

By no means; it will only take up time. Your moſt obedient. [*Exit haſtily.*

RIVERS.

You are poſitively the moſt civil robber that ever exercis'd the profeſſion; (*puts up the bill.*) if indeed it be your profeſſion; for there is ſomething in your proceedings, in your connection with Mrs. Cheveley, and through the progreſs of our acquaintance, which I can't unriddle. Mrs. Cheveley! Oh, I could have borne all but loſs of that too lovely woman! Madman that I was—Heyday!

[*A ſcuffle is heard at the door between the* WAITER *and* MAC CORMUCK.]

SCENE IV.

MAC CORMUCK.

Isn't it a coffee-houſe, pray you now? and what is a coffee-houſe but a public houſe?

WAITER.

Yes, Sir, but it is a club of gentlemen.

MAC CORMUCK.

Well, and what is a club of gentlemen but a public company? and who am I but a gentleman?

and

and what is the fellow bothering about all this while to no purpoſe?

RIVERS.

What is the matter? give the gentleman admiſſion.

MAC CORMUCK.

Sir, your obedient;—ſtand further off, I ſay;—what ails the fellow?

RIVERS.

You will excuſe him, Sir;—no ſtranger is admitted here;—he is only doing his duty;—however, he ſhall not moleſt you:—leave the room. I will bear you harmleſs. [*Exit Waiter.*

MAC CORMUCK.

A very civil pretty ſpoken gentleman, upon my conſcience.

RIVERS.

You ſeem to have ſome earneſt buſineſs in this place: what are your commands here pray?

MAC CORMUCK.

Oh, Sir, commands here! give the devil his due, that is in other hands; but under favour, I am in ſearch of one Mr. Rivers, an unhappy idle young man, who is waſting a good eſtate in bad company; no offence I hope.

RIVERS.

That is with Mr. Rivers;—what he might think in the caſe I won't take on me to ſay.

MAC CORMUCK.

We, that are his poor tenants in Ireland, have taken full as much offence at him, as he can at us;——rack, rack,—drain, drain—and here's the gulph that ſwallows it; *(looking into the gaming room)* damnation! there's a room full of 'em yon-

der, hard at work. Oh, you're a precious ſet; blue ribbons, reds and greens! upon my ſoul it makes me bluſh, and that's no eaſy matter. Mercy be good unto me, how they ſwear! curſe on the whole tribe of you, you're all ſo wicked, if the old one himſelf was to come amongſt you, he'd be aſhamed to ſit down in your company.

RIVERS.

You are not aware, perhaps, that you are railing againſt ſome of the firſt people in the kingdom.

MAC CORMUCK.

Ay, but in faith they are the laſt I ſhou'd wiſh Mr. Rivers to be found with.

RIVERS.

You wou'd not know him, probably, if you ſhou'd ſee him.

MAC CORMUCK.

Lack-a-day! he was a lad no thicker than my ſword, when he was at my houſe; by the ſame token he tumbled into a turf-pit; by my ſoul if I had known he wou'd have turn'd out ſuch a gameſter, I wou'd not have troubled myſelf to draw him out:—his father was a hearty little gentleman, and crack'd his bottle:—I fit a duel with the doctor, for ſaying he died of a drinking-bout at my houſe; the doctor out-liv'd the duel, but he loſt his buſineſs for the folly of his opinion.

RIVERS.

Your name then is Mac Cormuck.

MAC CORMUCK.

That is my name ſure enough; but how the devil did you know it?

RIVERS.

Your wonder will ceaſe, when I tell you, you are talking to Mr. Rivers.

MAC

MAC CORMUCK.

You Mr. Rivers! well, you cannot ſay I have ſlander'd you behind your back.

RIVERS.

Your reproof has been ſo juſt, I've much more need to bluſh at it than you have—and now I call your perſon to my remembrance, tho' I was very young when you receiv'd us at your hoſpitable houſe.

MAC CORMUCK.

Oh, Sir, I cannot crack of the hoſpitality of my poor cabbin; but I ſhou'd be ſorry if you had found it quite ſo hard to enter, as I did this of your'.

RIVERS.

And now tell me what may have brought you over to England, Mr. Mac Cormuck?

MAC CORMUCK.

Faith, Sir, in the firſt place buſineſs, and in the next, a little ſpice of curioſity, to take a peep here at our ſiſter kingdom.

RIVERS.

Well, Sir, and what do you think of us?

MAC CORMUCK.

Why, I think you've got all the inheritance to yourſelves, and that it would be but charity to throw us a rag of clothes to kiver our nakedneſs; by my ſoul, Mr. Rivers, it wou'd be for the honour of the family and a chriſtian-like action into the bargain.

RIVERS.

I join with you heartily, Mr. Mac Cormuck, you ſpeak my ſentiments entirely.

MAC CORMUCK.

Indeed! I declare I cou'd not have believ'd it.

RIVERS.

Why ſo, pray?

MAC CORMUCK.

Faith, becauſe hitherto we have been favour'd with little elſe from your hands, I think, but receipts for our rents, and regulations for raiſing them.

RIVERS.

That's true enough, but others have done the ſame; others, as well as I, have rais'd their Iriſh rents.

MAC CORMUCK.

Ay, have they, and their Iriſh riots at the ſame time;—I wiſh to my ſoul you cou'd take a look at the family manſion at Caſtle-Rivers.

RIVERS.

Is it gone much to decay.

MAC CORMUCK.

Not at all, at all, there's no decay about it; your tenants have prevented that.

RIVERS.

How ſo; have they repair'd it then?

MAC CORMUCK.

No, faith, they've pull'd it down.

RIVERS.

Hey-day! I've had no ſuch intimation from my ſteward.

MAC CORMUCK.

Why, that's not to be wonder'd at neither, for they knock'd him o' the head at the ſame time.

RIVERS.

So much for your news, Mr. Mac Cormuck, which is melancholly enough; now for your buſineſs.

MAC

MAC CORMUCK.

Why, I am thinking, 'twou'd be well done to renew that bit of a leaſe I hold under you at Shallinghorag, whereby I have but one life left in it, d'ye mind?

RIVERS.

'Tis a wiſe precaution, and for the good of poſterity.

MAC CORMUCK.

Devil a care have I for poſterity, ſo it laſts but my time: myſelf is all that is left of my poſterity.

RIVERS.

Put in your own life then, and all is ſafe.

MAC CORMUCK.

That's done already, you ſhall know, but I think with two ſtout fellows to bear me company, I may ſet accidents at defiance and laſt the longer.

RIVERS,

That indeed is a conſideration that eſcaped me; now hear my propoſal.

MAC CORMUCK.

Ay, what's that? ſo it be in reaſon, I ſhall conſent.

RIVERS.

I am this inſtant ſetting off for Ireland.

MAC CORMUCK.

For Ireland? whuh!

RIVERS.

Will you bear me company?

MAC CORMUCK.

All the world thro', ſo you come to little Ireland at the end of it, by the ſoul of me; and you ſhall be as welcome as Saint Patrick's day, every hair of your head:—ah! we'll have merry doings

at

at Shallinghorag; what, you've forgot it now I warrant, bleſſing upon the ſweet face of it! 'tis a lovely ſnug little cabbin of a place, with a handſome potatoe ground o' one hand of me, a fine convenient bog in my front, and a banging big mountain to ſhelter me at my back.

RIVERS.

Come, Sir, deſcription will but delay us; take this money bill, if you pleaſe, ſhow it to any of the waiters, and they'll give you caſh for it; in the meanwhile I will give ſome orders to my ſervants. [*Exit.*

MAC CORMUCK.

Let me ſee what's upon the face of it firſt. (*reads.*) *At ſight hereof*—ay, ay, that's right; had it been one of our bills of Ballinaſloe, good chance but it had been ſix months after; troth they're ſometimes as long in bringing forth as a cow. (*Revell enters.*) Harkee, waiter, come hither, lad, come hither. (*to Revell.*

SCENE VI.

REVELL *and* MAC CORMUCK.

REVELL.

What ails the man, do you miſtake a gentleman for a waiter?

MAC CORMUCK.

Faith, 'tis an eaſy blunder, your waiters are ſuch gentlemen, how cou'd I tell but that your gentlemen might be waiters? however, you may do my job for me, ſarrow-a-bit the worſe for being a gentleman.

REVELL.

REVELL.

What is your job?

MAC CORMUCK.

Only give me caſh for this money-bill, that's all.

REVELL.

What is it?

MAC CORMUCK.

Oh! it's a good one: it's at ſight---what is it you grin at?

REVELL.

This is admirable!---pray, Sir, of whom had you this note?

MAC CORMUCK.

Of one 'Squire Rivers. Oh! if it's not a good one, look you, I've no ſtake in it; that's his concern.

REVELL.

Pardon me, Sir, the note's a very good one, and the drawer of the note, is, I dare ſay, very able to anſwer the contents, and you are a very obliging gentleman to give me the preference.

MAC CORMUCK.

Oh! you're ſatisfied about it, are you? this is lucky.

REVELL.

I underſtand it belongs to Mr. Rivers; I know him full well: this rouleau contains fifty guineas: you need not tell 'em; pay that to him and he'll be ſatisfied. [*Exit.*

MAC CORMUCK.

Fifty guineas! 'tis a good big ſum and lies in a mighty ſmall compaſs. Ods my life, ſure I have made

made two or three little miſtakes in this buſineſs; firſt, I ſhould have aſked the gentleman his name before we parted; ſecondly, I ſhould have look'd at the bill before I chang'd it; thirdly——

RIVERS *and* SUNDERLAND.

RIVERS.

The bill! the bill! give me the bill—what do you tell me, Mr. Sunderland? I'm all impatience!

MAC CORMUCK.

I think ſo too; but I'm beforehand with you; there's your money. *(giving the rouleau.*

RIVERS.

What do you mean? give me the bill, I ſay.

MAC CORMUCK.

The bill! why there you're out of reaſon, Mr. Rivers; would you have the bill and the money too?

RIVERS.

You terrify me; have you parted with the bill?

MAC CORMUCK.

Yes, faith, and I was terrified myſelf, for once he look'd as if he meant to boggle, you muſt know, but luckily I paſs'd it off at laſt.

RIVERS.

Diſtreſsful circumſtance! whom did you give it to?

MAC CORMUCK.

Why I did think of aſking his name, but it was after he was gone.

RIVERS.

RIVERS.

How could you be ſo inſufferably careleſs not to read the bill before you put it out of your hands?

MAC CORMUCK.

Why 'twas an overſight; but pray now how came you not to read it yourſelf and ſtop the blunder in it's birth?

RIVERS.

O my unlucky ſtars! Sunderland, what ſhall I do?

SUNDERLAND.

The note is evidently in a gentleman's hands by this circumſtance of the rouleau: and it ſeems, whoever he is, he is gone away with it; probably to Mrs. Cheveley's, if he's acquainted with her; you muſt run thither immediately and paſs the matter off as well as you can,

RIVERS.

I am aſham'd to look her in the face—but come.

MAC CORMUCK.

By my conſcience I ſhall follow him, though I neither know whither he is going nor what he is about. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE. *Mrs.* CHEVELEY's *Apartment.*

Mrs. CHEVELEY *followed by* REVELL.

REVELL.

Mrs. Cheveley, I am happy in finding you at home, becauſe in matters of negociation, diſpatch

is the life of buſineſs. The world and you, Madam, are well informed of my habits in life; it is impoſſible to diſguiſe that I have turned over a little caſh in the courſe of play, and overturned it indeed; but I have luckily made a hit this morning that will ſet me up for ever; I have a paper in my hand, that will put me above envying any man's fortune in the kingdom.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Indeed, Sir! and how am I concerned in it?

REVELL.

Deeply, Madam; it is a note under your own hand; with your leave I'll read it——*At ſight hereof.*——

Mrs. CHEVELEY

Hold: I beſeech you not to read it.

REVELL.

It is at ſight; I am the holder: will you diſcharge it, or avow yourſelf a bankrupt?

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

I need not tell you this was deſigned for another: I am aſhamed of my indiſcretion; but you are a man of honour. In the name of wonder, how came the note into your hands?

REVELL.

I reſpect you for your ſpirit; I know your partiality for my friend Rivers, and I ſcorn to diſguiſe any thing from you—Hark! I hear him at the door---In one word, there is a blunder in the buſineſs perfectly innocent on all ſides.

Mrs.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

I'm ſatisfied——ſay nothing, but as I direct you.

REVELL.

Never fear me.

Enter RIVERS.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Your humble ſervant, Mr. Rivers! this is perfectly obliging; you are bound for Ireland, and I am happy in this opportunity of bidding you farewel.

RIVERS.

Madam, I—I—I—. Your ſervant, Mr. Revell, I left a party of your friends, Sir, at the coffee-houſe who are impatient for your company—I dare not ſpeak to her while he is here. (*aſide.*

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Mr. Revell is here, Sir, negociating a little buſineſs; his friends will readily excuſe him. You will be kind enough, to tell 'em ſo.

RIVERS.

Yes, yes, I ſee he is the man; how ſhall I get him out of the room? (*aſide.*

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Well, Mr. Rivers, you have charming weather for your journey.

REVELL.

Frank, don't you ſee your company is rather unſeaſonable? I know you hate to ſpoil ſport.

(aſide to Rivers.

RIVERS.

Curſe on your ſport! it is my torment.

(aſide to Revell.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

What does the gentleman ſay?

REVELL.

Only to excuſe his haſty departure to you; he is obliged to take his leave rather abruptly.

RIVERS.

No, Sir, I cannot go; to part from Mrs. Cheveley thus, would be my death—may not I aſk a moment's audience in private?

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Speak your commands; this gentleman's my friend.

RIVERS.

I hope you do this only to puniſh me for my careleſſneſs; I have loſt a paper, Madam, of ineſtimable value.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Poor gentleman! and are you going to Ireland in ſearch of it?

RIVERS.

No, Madam, I ſuſpect that gentleman has got it.

Mrs.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

A note, perhaps.

RIVERS.

I own it.

REVELL.

Well, you have got what you like better; fifty guineas.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

'Twas payable to bearer; you would not have the credit of the houſe impeach'd.

RIVERS.

Dear Madam, do not torture me; Sunderland put it into my hands as a money-bill: in my confuſion I paſſed it over to an Iriſh tenant; he with as little attention to Mr. Revell—The gentleman is now in your houſe; I beg I may call him in.

Enter MAC CORMUCK.

MAC CORMUCK.

Save yourſelf that trouble. Ah! by my ſoul, and there's the very gentleman himſelf: come, Sir, ſurrender up the bill, or you and I muſt have a tuſtle.

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Well, Mr. Revell, what ſhall we do now? we are likely to be ſtormed; I fear we muſt e'en ſurrender at diſcretion.

REVELL.

REVELL.

Let me march out with the honours of love, and I'll evacuate the garriſon. Thus let me give you joy. (*Kiſſes her hand*) And ſince I am not worthy to poſſeſs the prize myſelf, let me beſtow it on a friend who is. (*preſents the note.*

Mrs. CHEVELEY.

Your gallantry becomes you.—What ſhall I ſay? O, Rivers! reformed as I perſwade myſelf you truly are, you merit all that I can give. The worthleſs ſcrap is your's; you muſt conclude the reſt.

RIVERS.

Thus on my knees I thank you; not in words, for love and gratitude ſtop thoſe, but in the ſilent ſpeakings of a heart, which is for ever and entirely your's.

MAC CORMUCK.

Silent ſpeakings! troth, if you ſpoke that aloud you cou'd ſay no leſs.

Enter SUNDERLAND.

SUNDERLAND.

Joy, joy betide you both! may a long ſeries of continued happineſs ſpring from this auſpicious moment!

RIVERS.

Alas! you know not what you do. I am a ruin'd man.

SUN-

SUNDERLAND.

There I muſt interpoſe. You have an uncle, of whom it ſeems you've loſt all memory; he is return'd from India, rich as your wiſhes can deſire; —I am he.

RIVERS.

Merciful heaven! my creditor my uncle!— This is too much.

REVELL.

I wou'd to fortune, all my creditors were of that ſort?

SUNDERLAND.

At my return I found you plung'd in a diſgraceful practiſe;—I follow'd you from place to place; aſſociated myſelf with you in your prodigalities, in your play. Your principle and your attachment to this lady ſaved you in my eſteem;— your reformation is now I truſt confirmed, and I receive you to my arms with joy.

RIVERS.

I bluſh at the recollection.

MAC CORMUCK.

Oh! where is little Shallinghorag now?

RIVERS.

Fear nothing; ſince you think our demands have been too heavy, take it rent-free for your life, and in return adminiſter my intereſts with more humanity and better fortune than your predeceſſor: —tell my needy tenants, they ſhall no longer be rack'd to pamper the carcaſe of a race-horſe, and

and ſupport the profligate exceſſes of a gaming table.

MAC CORMUCK.

Now you are a noble genius! and were all abſentees of your mind, we wou'd leave their eſtates untax'd for ever.

REVELL.

Now, Rivers, prate againſt Newmarket if you dare. Many a good match have I ſeen made upon this turf, but never one ſo equal, ſo judicious as the preſent.

F I N I S.